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THE

# KOREA MISSION FIELD.

VOL. III.

SEOUL, KOREA, JANUARY 1907.

No. 1

## The Holy Spirit in Pyeng Yang.

BY REV. G. S. MCCUNE.

A word about our winter class. Mr. Swallen has charge of the enrollment, and he told me last evening that there are over one thousand in from the country attending the class. Some have come a great distance. I know of several who have come three hundred *li* and some who came from a group 360 *li* from here. These men have had to walk over mountains and rough roads through the cold to get here to study the Bible two weeks. Each of them has to meet his own expenses going and coming and while here, all of which is no small amount.

And what a zealous set of men these are! It would do your heart good to see the mass of them as they go in the evening to Central Church, some with lanterns, most of them without lanterns. We began last night to have a series of evening meetings throughout the time of the class. The women of the churches are to meet in the various churches, namely North church, East Gate church, South Gate church, and in the men's sarang outside the West Gate, services to be conducted by the wives of the missionaries in charge of these places. The lower school boys are meeting in the chapel of the college and academy building, meeting led by one of the elders. The men gather, as I have said, in the large Central Church. It was estimated last night that there were two thousand men crowded into that building, and there were no fewer in the building this evening, I'm sure. After Mr. Hunt's

sermon Mr. Lee said a few words. The latter said "Let us pray," and immediately the room full of men was filled with voices lifted to God in prayer. I am sure that most of the men in the room were praying aloud. It was wonderful! No man prayed with a loud voice, and yet, if you would listen, you could distinguish between the different ones. Some were crying and pleading God's forgiveness for certain sins which they named to Him in prayer. All were pleading for the infilling of the Holy Ghost. Although there were so many voices, there was no confusion at all. It was all a subdued, perfect harmony. I cannot explain it with words. One must surely witness such to be able to understand it. There was an absence of the sensational, the "emotional" (in the sense in which the word is so often used), and there was perfect concentration in the prayer of each one. And it is only the beginning! What great blessings are in store for us the coming days and evenings!

We missionaries had our union meetings with the Methodists one week before the class began. They were a source of the richest blessing to all of us, and when we were closing Thursday evening, it being suggested that we continue the meetings for the next week or so, meeting at noon in the foreign school room, we decided to do so. Daily we have been meeting there and praying for the Holy Spirit. We have no leader for the meeting: each one enters the room quietly, kneels down, and, as he is led, prays. God is answering our prayers. Surely the meetings of last night and tonight

have proven it. The men who preached were filled with the Holy Ghost, else they couldn't have spoken as they did and we wouldn't have seen and heard what I have related above. I am sure you will join us in prayer for this same thing that we are praying for—that these men may take to their groups the power received here and that the work may increase more than we have ever seen work grow.

*A week later from Dr. J. H. Wells.* Our entire community and the Korean church, especially last night and today has received such a manifestation of the presence of the Holy Spirit as has not been felt or witnessed by most of us in all our lives. It is wonderful, and every individual present of the missionaries has been wonderfully blest. We pray that the manifestation may go on and on without end.

*Two days later:* The evidence of the presence of the Spirit here continues and subsequent meetings have shown more manifest evidence than those mentioned a few days ago. The best of it all has been the renewal of determination to do better and confession of sins by some of the most prominent officers and members.

### First District Conference of the M. E. Church, South, in Korea.

BY REV. J. L. GARDINE.

Feeling that the time had arrived when we ought to organize our District Conference, we called same to meet at Chi Jyoung Ter from December 8th to December 16th inclusive. We invited only official members to participate. Seventy responded to roll call at the opening service. This number was increased to eighty-six, and there were also forty-six visitors from a distance, who attended upon the meeting, but were

not enrolled as regular delegates. The meeting was a memorable one, both on account of its being our first conference and because of the features of the meeting itself. We desire to mention concisely a few of these features.

1. Delegates arrived on time in spite of having to travel through a snow storm and remained until the close of the meeting.

2. Some of the delegates had to travel six days each way to attend. The average time was three days each way. All walked, carried their clothing, bedding, and books on their backs, paying their own expenses both enroute and while at the conference. The mission paid for nothing except the printing of the programs.

3. The church was packed at every service, the sunrise prayer meeting being no exception.

4. The services were spiritual with clear testimonies to conversion throughout the entire session. Before the dawning of the morning and in the dusk of the evening earnest souls could always be seen going to the near by hills to pray, despite the cold and the snow. They were not willing to rest until they received the witness of the Spirit to their adoption. Many who had already received the witness were groaning after a deeper and fuller work of grace. Nearly every one testified to having received what they sought from the Lord.

5. There was no levity or unseemly behavior, either in or out of the sessions. In spite of this being a country where tobacco is almost universally used, we saw no one in attendance upon the meeting use it during the entire session.

6. The program embraced all subjects of most vital interest to the church. The subjects were assigned to our native brethren, as well as to the missionaries. There were no absentees except two who were excused in advance, and every

subject showed careful preparation. The people not only heard with interest, but by vote decided to follow the suggestions that came from the subjects discussed.

7. One of the subjects was tithing. No such suggestion was made by the missionary, but upon their own motion the native brethren canvassed to see how many would practice tithing and ninety-two announced that they had decided to do so.

8. After a talk on "How to make the native church self-propagating," a call was made for volunteers to work without compensation in villages other than their own, looking to their evangelization. There were seventy-two such volunteers, who agreed to work a certain number of days each month, the total per month being 320 days, or a volunteer service during the year equal to one man's service for ten years, six months, and ten days. With such a spirit of evangelization among its membership the growth of the church in Korea is not surprising.

The meeting closed at floodtide of enthusiasm, delegates announcing their purpose to transmit the benefits received and information acquired to their home churches upon their return.

### New Believers Her Specialty.

BY MISS. J. SAMUELS.

I have held, this is the eighth class, since Annual Meeting, all of over six days and one ten days. Just after Annual Meeting I went north to the mountains, accompanied this time by the wife of Kim chosa, of that district. We wanted her to come into closer touch with her husband's work. We held three classes, very profitable ones, in a region where no foreign woman had ever been, excepting Mrs. Kearns, who held a class in Sak Ju about two years before. This was a very expensive trip, notwithstand-

ing the fact that I rode a pack pony nearly all the way.

I do not know any body in all the world more worth while spending money on than my dear Bible woman, Kim Que Ban Si. She is instant in season and out of season in preaching the Word to every one she meets, and we meet hundreds of men and women in our travels outside of the hundreds who study in our classes. In November we had a nice class in Ko Sung church. I asked the women, as I usually do, through whom they had believed, and they all with one accord said "Through Kim Que Ban Si." She visited this place long before any of the men Christians and before she left six families believed and they called for the pastor to organize a group. For four years she *walked* about preaching, and when she could walk no more on account of rheumatism I came along and she asked to be my Bible woman, one of the greatest blessings that ever came into my life. She was so grateful to ride on my pack pony, although she was afraid and had many falls. Last year, through the kindness of the Toronto Prayer Circle, she was enabled to go about in a chair. If they knew half of the good that has come for that, I doubt not but that she should be on their list every year. I gave her ten yen to go on a trip alone last May to visit some new groups, while I had to stay at home to study Korean. She used four yen only, preferring to walk so she could stop by the wayside to pray and preach to workmen and women in the fields and to others. She is so taken up with the reward laid by for her in Heaven that she does not ask or think of reward from us.

She was the favorite concubine of a very rich man. For several years before she became a Christian she was a confirmed invalid. Rumors of a new doctrine came to her ears and she received a tract, "The True Doctrine," which she

studied faithfully. At the same time Kang Si, Miss Chase's Bible woman, was an eager seeker after truth. They knew only one thing, and that is, if they believed, they could go to a good place when they died. Some time afterwards the announcement of the first class for women in Pyeng Yang came to them and they decided to go. Like Jacob of old, Kim Que Ban Si made a bargain with her new found Lord; if He healed her, she would go about preaching the doctrine for three years. Though an invalid, she started for Pyeng Yang and some way and some where she was made whole, and learning the foundation truths of the new doctrine was accepted as a catechumen. She studied a little longer and then started out to fulfil her vow. Hundreds of men and women have heard the Gospel first from her lips. And even now new believers are her specialty: at the classes she loves to make the truth plain to the stupid old grandmothers whom others think hopeless.

I have heard her give her testimony so many times in such a dramatic way that I feel this account does not begin to do it justice. How can I tell of this child of luxury going out to meet persecution and weariness? In some cities, Nong Chyen Kol for instance, she could find no place to stay over night: she would preach in the day and go out to the country to seek rest. At other times she could not get food, though she had money to pay for it.

### Legs.

BY REV. J. Z. MOORE.

Just what connection this subject has with missionary work may not at first be apparent, but a bit of reflection will make it so, at least to some missionaries I have known. Though the Bible speaks of the Lord taking no delight in the legs

of a man (Ps. 147:10), yet they are often of great value to the missionary; for whatever preparation of head and heart he may have, there come times when he stands in great need of one of the virtues so admirably exemplified by our remarkable President, the virtue of knowing how to walk.

This is no figure of speech, but concerns a real use of the two legs that have been given us. It was Lincoln who said a man's legs should be long enough to reach from his body to the ground. They should also be strong enough—physically and morally, if legs can be moral—to carry his body wherever duty may call. I have heard it said of Marshal Ney that on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo an aide came up and, seeing the general's legs trembling, asked what might be the trouble. The general looked down at his legs and thus soliloquized, "Old legs, if you knew where I am going to take you today you would tremble worse than you do." So the legs of a missionary may not always know where they are to be taken, though be sure they will often need to be taken on tasks that may well make them tremble: they should be of such fiber as to go without murmur.

By this time it is apparent that these lines are not meant for the translating missionary—I don't mean translated—in his cushioned chair; nor yet for the professor missionary—I don't mean professing—in his class room; nor yet for the doctoring missionary—I don't mean doctored—in his drug shop; but for the tramping missionary on the hills and in the valleys, for beautiful must be his feet upon the mountains if he is to bring good tidings to the dwellers thereof.

This missionary must travel, but just how he is to travel it not so easily solved. In no way is the difference between the occidant and the orient greater than here. There three hours takes you with ease and comfort over a hundred miles,



here we are fortunate to do it with great weariness in three days. There you have railroads and street cars and busses, livery rigs and wheels and automobiles and, best of all, roads. Here we have chairs with coolies who drink and horses which fight and donkeys which go lame and, worst of all, paths called roads and streams innumerable that often must be crossed in rotten boats the size of a wash tub. So, while the occident may do without legs, the orient must have them or often sit idly by.

Thus we see, while the missionary *may* travel in many ways, there are times when he *must* walk. Whether he be perched on the back of a camel or more humbly on the back of an ass, whether he be swung in a hammock between two coolies or in a chair between four, whether he be firmly fixed astride his own horse or on top of the pack unequally balanced on the back of the mapoo's treacherous pony, whether it be a Chinese wheelbarrow or an American cart with a tread of four feet four over a road eighteen inches wide and two feet higher than the paddy fields on each side, however he may travel there are bound to come times when he will be stranded. The coolies will get drunk or play sick, the horse will get kicked in a fight or the mapoo rebel, the donkey will suddenly go lame at sight of a mountain pass—people are likewise sometimes called asses—or your cart will become disabled by dragging the axle over the hard trodden path with the wheels suspended six inches above the paddy field on either side. Even your bicycle will not be proof against walking, for what sight is more familiar in certain parts than seeing the tired missionary trudging along pushing his lame wheel, or the lame missionary following meekly the coolie who carries the missionary's faithful wheel on his back?

However you may travel, a thousand unexpected things will happen, and you

will wonder if after all the best way is not to do in Korea as the Koreans do and walk. At least this is an open question and many prefer walking to all other methods. But whatever your method of travel, there will come the many times when you are stranded, and then woe unto the missionary who has no legs to take him away from the dirty yet ubiquitous inn to his home, to the rest house, at least to the house of some Christian, be it ten or a hundred *li*. For while the night in the inn, when you are tired and worn out, may not mean physical wreck, be sure it will not tend to spiritual growth. Once I was thus stranded and spent the night—a cold winter one—in a room sixteen by eight by eight feet, with twelve other dirty, half naked, beings stretched out on the floor—a floor that seemed a paradise for fleas—and determined, as I came out of the room the next morning, half suffocated and covered with welts, that it would be the last I would spend that way if my legs were spared me.

Then this question of legs may be of a more serious nature. The missionary was once one hundred and seventy *li* from home and news came at night of a loved one burning up with fever. An early start and seventy *li* was covered when the horse went lame, and then it was with thanks to a pair of stout legs that loving hands ministered to the sick that night.

I once heard a story of a missionary, whose name was not Balaam, though, like him, he rode an ass. After a long day's march, night came on with the quiet, cozy, native room of the rest house still on the other side of a mountain pass. All would have been well, but the dumb ass had tried that pass before and suddenly grew lame. Then followed a wild night in a miserable mountain inn with fleas and robbers for companions. I never enquired, but I can imagine that

missionary would have given most any thing that night for a pair of Rooseveltian legs.

You have heard what Pat said about accidents by land and by sea. He preferred the land to the sea, for, as he said, when the train is wrecked "There you are," but when the ship goes down "Where are you?" We have been mercifully preserved from wrecks, but when the inevitable accidents that are bound to come in the course of the itinerating missionary's many journeys find me at a Korean inn and I have no legs to carry my weary body to the shelter of some friendly Christian village or to the home in the City of Peace, it must be confessed there is little to choose between the "There you are" of the land and the "Where are you?" of the sea.

So it is the council of sound wisdom that says to the itinerating missionary, both old and young, both real and prospective: Whatever preparation of head and heart you may have or may be getting, with all your getting get legs, and while you are about it get them of the Rooseveltian type. For whatever gifts and graces of head and heart you may have, there will often be times when these are utterly useless until these more humble members have carried your head and heart to the place where duty calls. And then, after the work is over and your weary head and faint heart are longing for rest, happy that missionary whose members, in which the Lord doth not delight, are both strong and willing to carry him to the home on the hill where he will find warmth, comfort, peace, and recuperation.

### Our Bible Woman, Dorcas.

BY MRS. A. F. ROBB.

Dorcas has now been for almost four years a Bible-woman in connection with our Song Chin field.

One of the earliest to believe in Puk Chong county, she may be looked upon as the mother of the church here. She first heard something of the Gospel from some chance travellers who had gone to sight-see in the little Hongwon church. Though they did not believe in the new doctrine themselves, the report they gave of it induced Dorcas to believe and for about a month before meeting a Christian she tried to do according to the doctrine, and to keep one day in seven as a Lord's Day, as best she knew how.

She then fell in with the solitary Christian living in Ankok, from whom she got a New Testament and learned more of its meaning.

She was a woman of force and brains, and had learned to read in order to help herself in business. She had made her living as a liquor-seller, but it did not take her long to decide that a Christian should not have anything to do with liquor, so she promptly stopped and began trading and peddling, preaching the new Jesus doctrine wherever she went.

Indifference, contempt, or bitter persecution met her as a rule, but she endured it all, and now has the joy of seeing a growing church in Puk Chong city, and the Jesus doctrine admitted to be a good one by those who had formerly reviled it.

During the past year Dorcas travelled faithfully through the country, making three long trips, one to Song Chin and back, two to Tan Chun, visiting groups of Christians in Puk Chong, Iwon, and Tan Chun counties, and selling Gospels and preaching in the little villages and towns to many hundreds of heathen women.

During the year she sold 369 Gospels, one New Testament, and a number of tracts, catechisms, and hymn-books. Two thousand five hundred and forty women heard the Gospel from her, and we pray that many of these may be stars in her crown.

In her home in Puk Chong she does important work in teaching the Christian women and children, visiting and looking after people who are favorably disposed to the Gospel, and in every way in her power working for the coming of Christ's Kingdom.

### Get out of Manchuria.

BY REV. C. E. KEARNS.

We have two churches in Manchuria of about 70 members each. About a year ago the church at Nasitchai was closed by the Chinese magistrate and the Christians were forbidden to assemble in the church or to teach their school. Efforts to have the order rescinded by correspondence and the good offices of members of the Danish Manchurian Mission were unavailing. Messrs. Beruheisel and Blair visited the place this spring and were informed that the church had violated Chinese law in opening without a permit. The address of the proper official in Moukden was given and they were assured that the production of an official permit would remove all trouble. A petition to Moukden and resulting investigation from the viceroy's office has produced, not what we had hoped, but a virtual edict ordering us to remove the church to Koreau soil. This edict quotes at length the report of the local magistrate on Korean outlaws in his district and states that the Chinese authorities have no course but to forbid all assembling or banding together of Koreans for any purpose whatever.

If this edict is enforced it will exclude us from Manchuria. For a thousand *li* back from the Yalu one third of the population is Korean and of course we cannot let this matter rest until we have secured for the Koreans in Manchuria the same religious liberty the Chinese enjoy.

### Semi-Annual Examinations Near Kunsan.

BY REV. W. B. HARRISON.

In a roundup of the twelve groups in my territory, thirty days were spent very pleasantly. As I sat on the heated floor of the little room and kept the record of the examinations in the uncertain light of the paper doors, there often arose the desire to share my privilege with those who are supporting this work by prayers and offerings. Nearly twenty minutes on an average was spent examining each of the 254 applicants; of whom 43 were baptized, 47 retained as catechumens for further instruction and evidence of change of heart, 142 catechumens were enrolled, while 22 applicants were rejected.

Many facts interesting to us came out as the hours of question and answer rolled slowly by, a few at least of which I hope will not lose all their point for lack of the attendant circumstances.

In the room where the examination was held at Yongjunnie I noted the tall stacks of well worn Chinese books, and was told by the old man, our host, that they had been his father's, a devout Buddhist.

This man's grown son can not read Korean, much less Chinese—a fair sample of the decline of education and Buddhism in the country.

Old man Ko, the publican, whose form has shrunk while his nose has lost its alcoholic bloom since he professed Christianity, is making a name for himself and the Gospel in his magistracy. Some of his friends say that he is losing his mind, but so it has ever been.

While we were at Sullie a Korean gentleman was spending money freely ornamenting his fresh made grave site. When did his father die, I asked. "Oh, many years ago" they said, "but the

necromancer says that this is a very fine grave site and that any man that buries here will have the best of luck. So this man has brought his father's bones down from Seoul to bury them here." Serving the dead instead of the living! and so the nation dies!

The little leaderless band at Tongjunnie was much encouraged by the addition of a Methodist leader with a few followers, who joined because they said that they had heard of how the Methodists and Presbyterians were working together in Seoul and Pyeng Yang.

The faith of the Whangsan group in their ability to pay for a meeting house was refreshing, yet pathetic in view of their chill penury. They make rush mats sixteen hours or so per day, and then live a miserable hand-to-mouth life. Why the Roman Catholic owner of the property wanted to sell it to them so cheaply on such easy terms we could not tell. They said that nothing short of the work of the Holy Spirit in the man's heart could have made him so disposed.

It had been feared that the group at Mangung Magistracy would go to pieces, but the faith of one illiterate poor man has for the present at least saved the day. Few groups have been established in the magistracies because of the hardness of the hearts of the people. The debasing influences of these localities are all too apparent. During the day we were there almost every hour we heard the piteous cries of the prisoners being beaten by the official servants under the direction of the magistrate, and sometimes there was a chorus of their cries. Most of them are beaten for debt. Few people of America have any idea of the blessings the Bible has brought them.

At Mangasan the fact that Elder Chai took his official place on the session and kept the record in Korean added to the

interest of the occasion. The second in leadership is Mr. Shin, the reformed gambler. After his profession of faith he fell repeatedly into his old sin, much to his sorrow. One day in desperation he took a knife to cut off his offending hand and so far succeeded that one of his fingers is stiff, so that he could not now handle the cards, if he wanted to. The thirteen baptized there have been taught by him for the most part in the absence of the elder, who has charge of the book room in Kunsan. They say that every one in Mangasan has thrown away his idols and has ceased to worship devils.

Every group has its appointed task. It may be to pay for or enlarge its meeting house, to pay off a debt, or to support a school.

About half the applicants are studying the character so they can read the Bible for themselves, and many of them are past middle life.

Though only a beginning has been made, the Gospel has already brought light and happiness to many a dark and cheerless home.

They are praying, studying, working, growing. To the Lord of the Harvest be all the glory.

*Rev. C. D. Morris, Yeng Pyen:* In a village in Heui Chyun county a woman, after hearing the Gospel, believed and faithfully attended church whenever possible. On this account her husband abused and beat her. During his absence she walked sixty *li* to worship at the nearest church, but when he returned his brothers told him what his wife had done, and he, without saying a word, beat her furiously. While being beaten and afterwards she prayed, and her faith became stronger than ever. Now her husband and family have all decided to believe, and our helper has arranged for services to be held in their home.

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## The Korea Mission Field.

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Editors. { C. C. Vinton, M. D.  
Rev. C. G. Hounshell.

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Upon business matters address C. C. Vinton, Seoul, Korea.

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This January number of THE KOREA MISSION FIELD marks the beginning of *volume three*. *Volume two* ended with the number for October, 1906, and the numbers for November and December have been omitted.

In November, 1905, THE KOREA FIELD and THE KOREA METHODIST united in this periodical. Beginning with a clear balance sheet, it has ended its year with a formidable deficit. Its first year was guaranteed by friends who find themselves unaltered in more than they had thought possible. They would be very glad of help in meeting their obligation. Yet there is no thought of discontinuing the publication, which has been felt by many to be a real blessing to the mission cause in Korea. To bring it nearer a paying basis, however, certain changes are found advisable.

From now on it is intended that our year shall accord with the calendar year. Our free list and our exchange list will be annulled, except in the case of exchanges which make an actual and full response, addressing their issue to the business manager of this periodical. It

will therefore be necessary for not a few, who have steadily received copies of THE FIELD because they are officers of one of the Boards represented in Korea missions or because they are bishops of a church working here, to send in the subscription price, if they wish to continue on the mailing list. To all such the present is to be the last number mailed.

The subscription price from now on will be one yen per year, or fifty cents in gold. Subscriptions previously booked for either of the former publications at the old rate are to be filled to the full limit of time stipulated. In the interest of our readers we expect to bend our energies to the production of a still more "live" magazine, the best possible exponent of the mission work of each month in Korea. To this end it is planned to gather a larger volume every month of fresh news from all quarters of the peninsula, and it is hoped to have the assistance of an enlarged corps of editorial assistants.

We bespeak the interest, continued and increased, of our friends—to supply us constantly with the best "copy"—and to augment our list of paid-up subscribers—these two affording the means of our existence.

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### Rev. Samuel Forest Moore.

On the twenty-second day of December there ended at the Severance Hospital a long fight against typhoid fever, the death angel gaining the victory. At the same time ended a thirteen years conflict on the part of Rev. Samuel F. Moore against the powers of sin and darkness in Korea, a contest in which he was many times victor.

His is a place most difficult to fill. Rarely was he loved by all who knew him, and especially by large numbers whom he had loved and prayed into the

kingdom. All over this country today are hamlets and market-towns where may be found readers of Scripture and weekly worshippers, to whom the first intimation of a higher life came through the street preaching or through the teaching of Mr. Moore. Many-gemmed must be that crown he has gone to wear and many more the gems that shall be set in it later on. It was Mr. Moore's beautiful personal character that made him so useful a missionary, and it is by his gentleness, his love, and his sympathy that we shall all remember him long.

### Field Notes.

*Rev. J. E. Adams, Taiku:* We have now some forty odd primary church schools scattered among the country churches. A grave problem has arisen in connection with these this spring and one that has given us no little trouble. A late governor undertook to establish district and county seat schools throughout the country, or rather to rob the people on the pretext of establishing such schools. In the process many of our schools were broken up. Some were able to secure exemption, where the local official was really public spirited and recognized the work the Christian church was doing. But in many counties the children were seized and compelled to attend the new schools, the parents were seized and imprisoned and beaten, if they failed to send their children, while large money assessments were made for the support of the schools, accompanied with beatings and imprisonment. As it evidently contemplated the extinguishment of our schools, we appealed the matter to Seoul and have been assured that it will be rectified. At the present writing, the affair is not settled.

*Rev. F. S. Miller, Chongju:* We received great help and inspiration from the fact that the Pyeng Yang Christians

recognized the needs of this territory so much that they sent a leader, Mr. Choi, to spend four months here in itineration. Accompanied by one of the helpers, he made three trips, taking in nearly the whole territory; he went back home enthusiastic over the prospects of the Kingdom in Chung Chong Province. We hope the Pyeng Yang church will send another worker down in the fall. Exclusive of Mr. Choi, six Korean workers were superintended and kept busy visiting all parts of our field again and again, and through them we have kept in close touch with the whole field.

### Co-operation in Training Nurses.

BY MISS E. L. SHIELDS.

Miss Edmunds and I are rejoicing in the thought of co-operation in a Training School for Korean Nurses. During all the seven and a half years of my first term of service here I longed for the help and inspiration of an associate nurse, but it then seemed impossible, as it is now improbable, that a second American nurse should be appointed to one hospital, while there were other institutions without any. I've always known that two nurses can do more than twice as much work as one alone can do, and believe if such might have been the circumstances when I first came, that I might have escaped my temporary ill health, which, after three and a half years of hospital work in the old "Chei Jung Won," made me unfit for any service for a year. Owing to this I did not take up any regular, *constant* hospital work before my furlough, though I did help *at times* during 1904 and 1905 in our new Severance Hospital (was busy in evangelistic work principally and was for three consecutive years appointed to evangelistic instead of hospital work),

and went a few times to help Miss Edmunds, as she also came to help the doctors here, or to assist me, in special operations.

So I have felt that our plan to co-operate in one training school for nurses is in answer to prayer that better and more effective work might be done in Seoul and for Korea in these lines. In every department of work it is realized how important is the training of native workers to undertake anything which is to be continued as a permanent institution, and no one but a lonely nurse can appreciate the lack of another to share in the responsibility of the care of the sick, and instruction and care of the pupil nurses, the latter involving moral and physical and professional sides, anything from Bible study to uniform dress making.

You will understand how glad we have been to exchange our old buildings at Ku-ri-kai for the new Severance Hospital, and what a great difference it makes to the doctors and nurses who work here.

Miss Edmunds and I desire to co-operate in the following lines:—

1. Class work.
2. Lectures.
3. Operating room.
4. Bedside instruction.

We wish the pupils in both hospitals to have the same course of technical and bedside instruction, and the broader experience which work in both hospitals and under more teachers can give them.

We propose that candidates from the Methodist Church shall belong to the M. E. Hospital, and that candidates from the Presbyterian Church shall belong to the Severance Hospital; but co-operate in the lines above mentioned, taking a part of their course in one place, and a part in the other.

All records, and books relating to finances, will be kept separately in each hospital, as has always been the case when no co-operation was planned.

By these plans much class-room, lecture, and other work will not have to be done twice for the same grade of pupils, the larger class of pupils will encourage and help each other, and the relief will be great to the American nurses, who *share* the responsibility, and who may definitely confer with and help each other, exchanging hours of duty so as to relieve one another of certain responsibilities, especially during vacation periods, thus adding unspeakably to the comfort and efficiency of the nurses themselves, and permitting more effective service to the Koreans.

The M. E. nurse will have the M. E. hospital as her special department, and the Presbyterian nurse have the Severance Hospital as hers.

At present the pupils of both schools may therefore have the advantage of experience in a Korean building, where they are lacking some special hospital conveniences, and they also may work in a more modern and convenient building in the Severance Hospital, until their own new hospital is erected.

### The Clocke Class for Blind Girls.

BY DR. R. S. HALL.

The same seven blind girls have been with us this year that I reported last—three living in their homes and attending as day-school pupils, and four from a distance living in the Edith Margaret, but going home for the summer vacation. Twenty-eight yen has been received from their families toward their expenses, and from their industrial work 41.70 yen has been cleared, thus making about \$35 gold altogether from native sources; and I think another year we shall dare add two more applicants that we have to the class.

In the school the girls have continued their work in reading, writing, and spelling; they have also begun arithmetic

this year, using the native abacus. "Prudence" and "Pauline" (Pong-nai and Wae-sung-nai having been thus baptized) have continued their lessons in geography and music with Bessie Kim as instructor. I have been able to give even less personal attention to the teaching than last year, but have had some assistance from Miss Robbins and her native teachers. Next year I have the promise of help from Mrs. Moore, for which I shall be most grateful. Thanks to the genius of Mr. Tuke Syu Kim I have succeeded in getting the kleidograph in working order, and it promises to be a great help in getting out new work. It is a type-writer of the point system and was presented to us by Superintendent Wait of the New York School for the Blind, but it arrived during my furlough, and somehow got out of order, so that until now we have not been able to use it. I have asked the friends at home to send out some raised maps for the geography class, which will also be a great help. Some New York friend sent out a music book last year with 82 hymn-tunes in point, for which we are very grateful.

From Middletown, New York, the auxiliary that helps to support "Prudence," there came in ample season a very nice Christmas box containing yarn for the blind girls to knit and many useful things for Prudence and the others. It was a very pleasant surprise and we are also grateful for the personal remembrances. We sent some of the things to Tai-tu-rae, where they helped them to celebrate their first Christmas.

The usual Edith Margaret birthday memorial was celebrated January 18th, both the blind class and the other members of our girls' day-school being present. After Scripture reading and prayer by Dr. Pak, Mrs. Noble addressed the children, and the blind girls sang and played, and the girls of Edith's

age each received a little souvenir. Several of the girls have been present now each year since 1899, when we had our first party of four-year-olds who have now grown to be eleven year-olds. After a treat of popcorn and candy, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in listening to the phonograph and looking at the beautiful stereoscopic views that came out in our New York box. Children and teachers went home delighted. We met in the Rebecca ward, our largest ward, named in loving memory of Mrs. Rebecca Lore.

Two years ago, both as a means of recreation and education, I took "Pauline" up the Tai Tong River with me for a few days. Last summer I took the girl from Whang Hai Do that I spoke of in the report. She had been seriously ill from a long continued fever, and I had feared we were going to lose her, but she made a good recovery and has been in splendid health, working very industriously all the winter, and is spending this summer with her widowed mother. This year, thanks to Miss Paine's kind hospitality, I brought "Prudence" and "Fanny" with me to Seoul, and they enjoyed their visit to Ewa very much. They also made a little visit to Miss Lewis and her girls outside the East Gate, and to the Girls' School of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Song Do. They had their first ride in ricksha, steam car, and electric car, and I am sure will go back with enlarged ideas to their own work.

For these young people, who walk in real physical darkness amidst the mental and spiritual darkness of Korea, far more than for those who walk in the light, Christian education is the *only help* and the *only hope*.

Of course the Edith Margaret Children's Wards, which made a home for those blind girls that are from out-of-towu, was burned together with the



Woman's Hospital November 2nd. However, the girls are quite comfortable in the school-room Mrs. Clocke built for them at the time our Day School building was made.

### First Impressions in a Strange Land.

BY MRS. W. C. SWEARER.

Could one go to sleep in New York and awake in Seoul he would think that he had been transported, during his dreams, to an unknown planet so great would be the change in scenery, people, and customs; but this in common with most changes is of a somewhat gradual nature.

After leaving the Golden Gate the first stop at Honolulu presents many new sights but also many familiar ones in the way of homes and people. Except for the tropical verdure one might imagine himself in many cities in the United States.

The next stopping place, Japan, is much stranger to us and prepares us in part for the last step over the Korean Strait, but still here we recognize many appurtenances of the Planet Earth on which we have formerly lived.

In my case the first sight of Korea came after a night of violent tossings on the strait; consequently, even these bleak and barren shores were welcome. The first glaringly new impression was made by the white (?) clothing of the Koreans who stood about to receive us. I had heard of their style of dress but needed the actual sight to realize the strangeness of it. The next acquaintance was that of the jiggy and it was decidedly new and most unique. As soon as we set foot on the wharf one particular combination of white robed man and jiggy focused my attention and by means of wild gesticulations made it quite apparent that he was ready and anxious to carry all our luggage to the station and

even to carry us if need be. He was so fluent in sign language that he quite excited my admiration.

The trip on the train from Fusan to Seoul afforded an excellent opportunity for viewing the country. At first it was depressing, so barren and treeless, and even the little patches of cultivated land in the valleys, so small and irregular, suggested poverty and wretchedness. This was emphasized by the homes as we came upon them in huddled groups. The people in their strange dress working in the fields or stalking about over the landscape seemed weird and uncanny, and even the mountains looked forbidding, but they soon began to grow on me and before the day was over they showed a friendly face; and at night when the sun disappeared behind them in a red and golden glow, they looked beautiful and have seemed so ever since. These mountains round about Seoul seem already like old friends and are very helpful and inspiring in the beauty that comes from rugged outline and craggy slopes.

The street scenes are an unending source of interest: the mingling of men and animals in such confusion; the oxen with their bulky loads; the shaggy little ponies; men dragging or pushing heavy loads; others carrying great burdens; still others loitering about with apparently nothing to do except to smoke their long pipes; women with coats worn over their heads; boys and girls dressed so much alike that it is hard to distinguish between them; all these present a scene very new and strange but all the more interesting on that account.

The people are of great interest and even at first they showed individual characteristics and did not all look alike as some have thought they seemed to do. Their physical features are by far more pleasing than those of most oriental peo-

ple. They also impress me as being very kindly and courteous. As a people they seem to have a stately dignity not found elsewhere. Even the children seem more sober and sedate than those of other lands. Is it that the darkened and unhappy condition of their ancestors for centuries influences them and gives them a subdued air?

It is said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and it is often true not only of the material world, for some can see beauty of form and tint and shade where others see none, but also is it true in the realm of the mind and spirit. If we look for pleasing things we can find them anywhere; and if we come to this land with an eye and heart sensitive to beauty in whatever form it may be found, whether in rock, mountain and sunset, or in the characters of men, we shall not be disappointed; we shall find more than we had hoped.

### In Territory Still Untouched.

BY REV. C. A. CLARK.

In Hong Suug county we have some of our best work. We spent Sunday in the county seat, and the people gathered from about five or six nearby villages, not a large company yet, but apparently sincere and true, a good foundation for a church. Three new men decided for Christ that day. The following day we spread our books in the street fair and preached to the crowds. While there we heard of new believers in three different places within a few miles who wanted us to visit them. Before the selling began my helper and I went in to call on the Hong Sung magistrate. Some people in a remote mountain village had set up a flagstaff and were committing all sorts of robberies in the name of Christianity. We assured the magistrate that no Christian could be guilty of lawbreaking and the robbers were not Christians.

We took the opportunity of presenting him with a New Testament and of telling him in a few words a little of what Jesus really meant to men. He was very much interested. He said he had studied a little about Christianity, and that if it were not for his official position he would be glad to declare his belief publicly. A little later he came out in the market place, where we were selling books, and exhorted the people all to look into this Christianity, as it was a good thing and well worthy of belief.

Our best group in Hong Sung is at Han Tari. The leader of that group was known all over that country up till a couple of years ago as Chung, the highway robber. The magistrate told me he had noticed the change in Chung and that, if Christianity could do for a man what it had done for Chung, it must be worth something. Chung is of noble rank and robbed because he was poor. Two years ago, he said, he began studying his Bible, hoping to get hold of something, as he told me, to help him in his robberies. But he said the thing got hold of him. He couldn't shake it off. He quit his robberies so abruptly that even the magistrate, ten miles away, heard of it. He rented a few little rice fields. He had never worked before, but he hired one little boy, and together they two this year have worked the fields in a pitiful, ineffective sort of a way. He is poor, but happy. He has preached in his spare time to all the nearby villages, until there are at least forty households believing. He used to be very arrogant, and used low talk to every one, as his rank entitled him to. Now to all the brethren he uses the highest of talk, and calls them "brethren." At Chun Tang there are seven or eight believing houses, the results of Chung's work. At An Hung there are four or five households, and two or three more

were added on this trip. The son of the innkeeper there has been attending services for a year or more. I begged him to give up selling liquor, but he refused, saying if he couldn't believe and handle and drink liquor, he would not believe. Poor man!

At this place I heard a little story of a boy who is now one of Dr. Avison's assistants, studying to become a physician. His father is a drunken, stupid old man, and his mother is very ignorant. Five or six years ago, when the boy was eleven years old, he conceived the idea that he wanted an education. He knew his stupid old father wouldn't approve, so every morning he used to slip away to a village three miles off and attend a school there. Each noontime, when the other boys went to their dinner, Mamsu would start off up the road too; but he knew he would get no dinner there, so he hid in the bushes till he saw the other boys returning, when he came back to the lessons. The boys never knew that he studied from morning till night on one little bit of breakfast. He did this for several years, until one day Mr. Welbon discovered him and brought him up to Seoul to study medicine. The whole village out there now looks on him as their fairest son, as well they may. A boy who, against such odds, with no one to encourage or help him, could do a thing like that in Korea is bound to set his mark high before he is done.

After leaving An Hung we entered into the great untouched new field. As there were no groups to visit there, we simply made the trip straight out on the big road one hundred miles to Kang Nung, calling at all the big towns; then down the coast forty miles to Sam Chuk and back on a parallel road by way of Chung Sung and Pyeng Chang to Hong Sung. It was a wonderful ten days trip, over mountains so high they seemed

close neighbors to the stars. Scarcely a mile of that two hundred and fifty could be said to be even approximately level. It was always straight up or straight down. At we got over near the Japan Sea, we saw great forests of trees, mostly pine, eighty to one hundred and twenty feet high, and often three feet in diameter. We had heard that the country was uninhabited, but were surprised to find it just full of people. Every tiny valley or plain or mountain side, even away up in the peaks among the clouds, had its house or houses, poor little things, most of them, but still houses. We preached and gave out tracts as often as possible, but the people listened in blank amazement. They had never heard of such a thing as the Jesus church. No bookseller had ever been there, no preacher. I doubt if ten Christians have ever set foot in some of those counties. It was like darkest Africa.

At Kang Nung county seat we sold about seventy books and preached several hours. There is a big market there. There ought to be a colporter located there to minister to the people up and down the coast. We took note of two or three men who said they wanted to believe. The son of the Kang Nung magistrate came to us, like Nicodemus, by night to enquire of the doctrine. He bought a lot of books and said he wanted to believe. We met there a man from Pyeng Chang county, who said that in his home village some twenty or thirty households were meeting regularly for Bible study. I sent the helper there the following Sunday. Later he reported five believing families in a nearby village, but could not get to the village spoken of for lack of time. In Chung Sung county seat we found a former member of the Seoul Central Church actively preaching and one other believing household.

Up and down the coast inside the high

mountains there is a thickly populated district, about forty *li* wide. There was little of interest beyond Sam Chuk, except the mountains, and they were immense. Sometimes it took five hours to come down off one pass. One whole day the sun only touched us a couple of times, and then only for a few minutes, and we almost froze. At one time we climbed steadily two whole days to the top of a pass. It was most exhilarating riding along the narrow ledges with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet below us. If it had not been for our good horses, we never could have done it. Just before we got to Kang Nung on the outward trip we came unexpectedly out on the top of the great Taikwul Pass, and we had a vision such as one can't forget soon. Down below, mountains and foothills, sandy beach, little villages, rivers, everything, lay out like a relief map, all framed in the deep blue of the Japan Sea beyond. It was wonderful.

We saw many curious things, paper making, and a primitive sort of iron smelting, hemp pits where the hemp is steamed from the cane, and others. We saw great thick veins of good coal right on the surface. We saw some curious irrigating apparatus, where water from one rice field high up was transported through hollowed out logs across valleys and sometimes across streams to fields on the opposite bank.

There are no palace hotels in Kang Won province. We were lucky most of the nights in striking rooms more or less unoccupied. But one night we got in at about seven o'clock, long after dark, to an inn with but two rooms. As a great favor, Mr. Miller and I were assigned to the inner room. As we stepped into it, it seemed fairly alive with vermin of all descriptions. From the walls one could judge that many of the mighty had

fallen, but their descendants were certainly very much alive. Some were so eager to get at us that they dropped from the ceilings upon us. Mr. Miller's cot was set up before we could comprehend the situation, and he paid the penalty for days. We decided to forego the pleasure of a warm room, preferring the company of horses and cows to other less congenial animals. So we spread our cots in the partly enclosed stable. The room was small, so I set mine among the beans on a drying mat, and went to sleep all dressed, even to overcoat and hat, with an old ox slobbering near one ear and my horse by the other. We didn't feel any of the wild animals of the night, but we didn't need to be called in the morning, for there was ice on the stream by the house when we arose.

The mapoos with our load ponies told us at Hong Sung that we must leave a part of our loads, as they were too heavy to carry up the high mountains; so we left some of our food there, trusting to be able to buy things as we went along. Our trust was misplaced and our bread, meat, sugar, salt, and potatoes gave out. We managed to make some alleged biscuits from Korean flour that baked like bran, and we got a bit of honey for sugar and some rock salt. If we had brought a gun, we could have gotten wagonloads of ducks and geese, as the country was full of them. On account of the Ipyeng revolt last year all guns have been taken away from the hunters and the birds are undisturbed.

I'm glad of the assignment I've been given. Altogether we have about twenty-five meeting places now. The Spirit is evidently beginning to "brood over the face of the abyss." A year from now we believe and know He will have, even in this most neglected part of Korea, a church to glorify His name.







